



Universidad
Andrés Bello



6th **SHORT**
interescholastic **STORY** *contest*

6th. Interscholastic Short Story Contest 2012
Andrés Bello University

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Introduction

Every year, literary creation surprises us through the Inter-scholar Short Story Contest, organized by the Interscholar Direction Department of Andrés Bello University and sponsored by Writer Society of Chile, SECH.

This initiative allows that more than a thousand young creators throughout the country, lay their thoughts and feelings in a piece of paper, transforming them into original stories.

We really value this dedication that ends up in a piece of work. These tales talk about our own time, our questions, hopes and dreams, specially our youth's. This is why our institution considers necessary to set up a written registration and makes the task of introducing this new book, a goal of its own. This book contains the prized works of the 2012 Interscholar Short Story Contest.

You will be able to find original and creative stories, as well as rich prose and really interesting characters. The judges have determined winners, honor mentions and special prizes in seats located in Santiago, Concepción and Viña del Mar. These stories were sent from all over the country. They also include a small paragraph that tells the reader the writer's motivation for creating such story.

Oral and written communication are fundamental for educational processes so as this base has been left behind lately, our University is convinced that it is necessary to increase the interest for reading and writing in our society.

We appreciate the commitment of SECH that will allow these young creators and the whole university community, to have the opportunity of sharing the presentation of this book with well-known writers that play a very important role in our culture.

We hope this Contest and the publishing of this book, may become a new start for these students that show us so early a real vocation for art and specially words.

We also appreciate the participation of distinguished writers such as Jaime Quezada, Reynaldo Lacámara, Pablo Azócar, Guido Eytel, Rolando Rojo, Juan Cameron, Marcela Sandoval and Silviana Riqueiros as judges of the 2012 Interscholar Short Story Contest in Spanish and English. To each of them, our recognition.

We deeply value the hard work of our Humanities and Education Faculty academics and directors, specially professors Salvador Lanas, Stefanie Massmann, Norma Drouilly, Kristov Cerda and María Soledad Carriel. Thank you for doing such a good job.

Finally, thanks to all the teachers who participated in the pre-selection of these short stories and to the encharged writers of editing this book. Thanks to our sponsors Librería Antártica and El Mercurio.

It is time now to celebrate our young authors by reading each page of the present edition.

Dr. Pedro Uribe
Universidad Andrés Bello Principal.

That loose thread

Carolina Wiegand Cruz
Villa María Academy

I have always thought that knitting is a kind of art. It has always amazed me to watch the movement of the wool timed to the rhythm of the needles in a certain harmony. It has always amazed me how human hands can create such unique patterns, how they can craft an entire piece of clothing. We are so used see these designs that they usually seem extremely simple and somehow dull. But, the thing is, behind that apparent simplicity, the legacy of hundreds of generations, of hundreds of women, is being transferred to the contemporary world.

Ironically, it was not my mother who taught me how to knit, but my grandmother. My mom was of one those women who stopped learning all those teachings which, for past generations, were the origin of knowledge. She did not learn how to knit, sew or cook. She finished school and studied a career in the university. Even though she had five children, she went to work every day and did not come back until rather late in the afternoon. Despite all this, it was my mother who taught me almost everything I know today and made me the woman I have become.

However, my grandmother taught me something no contemporary woman can teach me today.

She used to come every Thursday to my house to spend some time with me and my siblings, and she wouldn't leave until after supper. I remember watching her moving the needles while she pleasantly talked to my mother, like nothing in the world could disturb her. It was a mystery to me how anyone could carry out such complex task and not even have the need to pay attention to it. Her movements were automatic, perfect, almost instinctive, as if they were a part of her nature.

It took her countless afternoons to teach me how to knit. She would always tell me to practice during the week, which I never did, so that next time she could teach me another type of stitch. I now admire her patience to start practically from the beginning every day she. She must have realized I had forgotten everything she had taught me the previous afternoon. However, her lessons eventually stuck in my childish head, and my taste for knitting became greater. In my spare time I would knit and knit, trying to make all stitches and not skip any, so that no holes could be found in my 20x20 woolensquare. When I had mastered that ability, I concentrated on giving the fabric an order, so that the lines would become more even and less chaotic.

I made my first scarf when I was ten. I used the Brioche Stitch, and even though it took me several months, I was very satisfied with the result. I gave it as a gift to my teacher. When I hit puberty, all my interest in knitting transformed into an interest for boys, parties, and make-up. I must admit that that stage of my life was not the best, and not the one I am most proud of. The worst part is that when I finally came to understand that boys, parties, and make-up were not everything in life, my relationship with my grandmother had become more distanced than I had even realized. But then it was too late. My grandmother was already lost in the midst of Alzheimer's.

That period of my life changed me. Not being able to recognize one of my own mentors was somehow unsettling. I began to knit again, desperate to find that bond with my grandmother that had been lost so long ago. She still came every Thursday to my house, but every time I tried talking to her, every time I went to her saying, "Look, granny, look what I did! It's a sweater for a baby, just how you taught me!" I only received a blank stare from her sky blue eyes.

With time I stopped trying to make her understand that all those afternoons she had invested in me had finally paid off. However, I still sat beside her and listened as she spoke about her golden years, about grandpa, about a past where I still hadn't come to life. A past she believed to be her present.

As time went by, I started thinking how my grandmother's disease was like an infinitely large sweater, that from one day to the next developed a loose thread. A loose thread that some despicable hand began to pull first gently, then roughly, undoing the sweater line by line, just like the helpless disintegration of the memory of my grandmother.

As time went by, I came to realize that knitting was an art, some kind of a philosophy of life. The first lessons are just like the first steps of a child: insecure, clumsy, unstable. But as the hands become more adept, as the child's feet become more familiar with the hardness of the floor, the stitches gain strength and steadiness, and so do the steps of the child. Now he can run, jump and do all sorts of spins; the needles can do all kinds of stitches and patterns.

As time went by, I started thinking about that woman who started knitting, that woman who discovered that with this and that twist of the wool she could form a pattern, a pattern which would later on become an outfit. I thought of how they taught their daughters, and those daughters taught their daughters, and how finally that knowledge reached me.

I started thinking that knitting was the symbol of patience. It took a long time to make a sweater, or a shirt, or a skirt. It was the symbol of waiting, like all those women who waited for the return of their husbands from the battlegrounds. Like the nine month long waiting of my grandmother before her first, second and third child were born, nine months she dedicated to knitting and waiting, knitting and waiting.

As time went by, I realized that knitting was a time for contemplation. I realized that whenever I took those needles to work with me, I left all my troubles in the wool, as if I somehow, with that, I could knit their solutions out. I realized that whenever I knitted, I found a peace nothing else gave me. The kind of peace my grandmother would always carry with her.

And as I now knit, waiting for the birth of my own child, I silently thank my grandmother for those long afternoons where she taught me to see life through the tiny holes of knitted wool.

Carolina Wiegand Cruz

11th Grade

Villa María Academy de Las Condes

Review: I like writing because I feel it is the best way to express my thoughts and feelings about the world. It calms me down, too. And I also have a great time while I am on it!

Waltz for puppet and puppeteer

Kennya Mena Estrella
La Maissonnette

He made his way through the people soaring across the marble floors, mingling with one another in an endless whirl of colour and shapes. Vidocq strolled past faces of beasts, fools and kings, ace of hearts, and flashes of mauve waltzing endlessly around him until he could name her face in the midst of this mad parade. "Fancy a waltz my dear?" he said, turning her small frame to face him in one swift and authoritative motion.

She looked up, big round eyes flickering over him gently, before dropping back down to admire the spectacle around her.

"Do I have an honest say in the matter?" She finally replied, locking her steel grey eyes into his. "Or your power over me escalates to such an extent, so as to deprive me of the most basic form of judgement?" Nevertheless, she entwined his hand into hers and led the way into the merry-go-round of burning glances & seething smiles. Vidocq set a gentle hand on her shoulder, voice soft.

"Assuming such notion from my behalf would be an unforgivable fallacy, but to deny that I, in fact, hold some jurisdiction over you, would be denying a simple truth."

He retorted, taking the first step and pulling her closer to him. Grinning yellows, spinning reds, jeering greens and haughty blues were all gliding gracefully as they joined each synchronized step. "Albeit, you've shown your preference regardless of whatever power I hold."

She looked up at Vidocq and smiled. Such was the character of Lacenaire; merely a child, with cherry lips and delightful

golden locks, the glimmer of spring in her eyes; she had all the charms, and aspired to all the crimes. The deprivation of her liberty gave her an appetite for discord. She was the passive turned deceitful, and the deceitful become cunning. He sighed disappointedly, as if he had expected a less ambiguous response from her part and halted abruptly her twirling body. "But tell me before I tire of this charade, and thereby restore my self-esteem, how long do you truly expect your pantomime can last?"

The sudden stop made her heels clatter across the floor, losing the perfect time they had nearly found. She looked up at him fiercely and resumed their waltz, the steps once again emerging effortlessly under them as they soared through the grand dance floor.

"Though it might seem absurd to you, this is not a game, and I have nothing calculated, nothing planned. Therefore I do not know how long it will last, nor do I intend it to. "

"Ah, you've rather shown your hand there, Lacenaire." The man continued, lowering his voice. "Besides, we both know that is not quite true. So tell me before I finally waltz out of your life, just how exactly do you expect to gain your freedom?" She issued a high giggling laugh insulting Vidocq further. "Good! Very good. Excellent deduction. Brilliant, in fact. You've certainly gone far, but now you're in my way. So allow me to--"

"Oh let me guess. I get killed."

Lacenaire laughed, her gloved hands tracing an invisible path through Vidocq's face. "Kill you? Certainly not darling, however, death is inevitable; we all die someday don't we? I wouldn't want to rush it though. No...Not just yet, at least." His eyes floated around the room, from the fool to the king engaging in a dispute for a seat, to the queen and the priest, to the ace of hearts and the spades whirling around in a tempo of their own. Vidocq sighed heavily, as though weary of repeating a simple concept to a particularly thick minded child, and turned to his dancing partner.

"What If I were to stop you? What if I was to end this absurdity this instant?" He asked in a casual manner, almost as if inquiring for the current weather. "Well, then you could cherish the look of surprise in my face." Lacenaire's face contracted into an overly dramatic expression of shock, her mouth forming a perfect "o" and her eyebrows going further up her forehead with every passing second, but she soon resumed her serious semblance. "We will both have gained nothing...But please, let's be friends, civilised. I ask for one thing and one thing only. Grant me the liberty to know, to utter, to act, and argue freely according to my conscience above all. For why should my freedom be subjected to the judgement of a foreign conscience? It shouldn't pose much of a problem for someone as powerful as you. Besides, what could you possibly gain from an insignificant creature like me?"

"You'd be surprised my dear Lacenaire.... But is not this simpler? Is this not your natural essence? Is it not one of the unspoken truths of your nature and therefore the nature of your equals that you yearn for subjugation as an unconscious reaction to your quest for power and identity? For the blinding allure of freedom diminishes an individual's true potential. What could you possibly gain from the uncertainty of freedom? The joy of your existence would be diminished and pulverized by the biggest con in history. For that is what it truly is; a con, a lie, a fraud. There is no illusion as grand, and as magnificent in its deception as that of liberty.

It displeases me greatly to know that regardless of whatever I say you will not abandon your quest for this fallacy, therefore I feel compelled to grant you your request. So go ahead! Enjoy your fall my puppet dearest!" With this said, Vidocq let go of Lacenaire's spinning body, cutting the newly revealed puppet strings tied to her being. Once again she could see the trace of rouge, the faces of beast, the grinning yellows and spinning reds in this inhuman race, but the burning glances and seething smiles were no longer under her control. She twirled and spun into the dark void, her body no longer obeyed the most basic commands, and

her mind felt itself stripped naked, vibrating painfully with shapeless energies. Lacenaire had, wasted, destroyed and collided with what these same energies had laboured and perfected. Lacenaire was finally free.

Kennya Mena Estrella
10th Grade
La Maisonnette de Vitacura.

Review: "Thought is the work of the intellect, reverie is its self-indulgence. To substitute day-dreaming for thought is to confuse a poison with a source of nourishment." -Victor Hugo

Discovering the truth about santa

Macarena Infante Fernández
Villa María Academy

It was a happy, quiet, and simple day, just as every other since you could remember. Even if you were just thirteen, your life had been perfect in every single way. As always, you were walking down the 10th street, with your headphones on swinging your hips according to the rhythm of your music. You had left school about ten minutes ago, and with your classy way of walking, your feet moved towards what you called home. You knew that in that place, Mom was waiting for you with some tea, and Dad was hoping to watch your favourite TV series together with you. The street had a few people walking by, and you still smiled at them, feeling joy with every smile back that you received in return.

You never realized he was following you that he always watched you and spied on you. You never imagined that where you saw a smile, he saw fakeness; where you saw young love, he saw a future broken heart; where you saw forgiveness, he saw the last mistake made. For you, the world was a radiant place, full of sun and nice people, but for him it was a place of global warming, full of poverty and needs that nobody wanted to take care of, and you didn't even know. You cross The11th Street and continue walking a couple of steps.

You never imagined that you would face him, but he has known you since you were born. You were so excited about superficial things that surrounded you, that you had not discerned that day by day he was getting closer to you. That day, you felt him for the first time; you felt him breathing over your shoulder. The moment you were walking on thirteen street, was the moment that you will never forget, because that was the place and time where he attacked.

You, Innocence, felt with a simple breath how someone was going to destroy your wonderful world. His hand showed you his strength; over your mouth, pulling you into a black house of that street. He used you, and did things that you trouble with as just a memory. That whole instant made you see your environment in a totally different way. As he passed his hands all around your body you saw, for the first time, poverty, suffering, terrorism, anorexia, hunger. You realized the existence of things like war and divorce, murder and stealing. You discovered that Santa, Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, magic, Prince Charming, and fairy tales, were not real. With a tear on your cheek you realized that you were ignorant about life. Your world opened up into new information that you wish you had never known. He stopped and said:

"Now, you can go"

You did not understand, but you dared to ask, even if you knew you were going to do it in a weak voice:

"Why?", He looked at you with his cold blue eyes.

"Because living in a perfect world is like living on a strongbox, you never know what is beyond till someone opens it."

And even though he left without saying his name, you knew it.

Reality.

Macarena Jesús Infante Fernández

12th Grade

Colegio Villa Maria Academy de Las Condes

Review: I like writing because is like creating a new world, where anything can happen. Writing helps me clear up my mind and allow me to check my mistakes. This story is created as a metaphor that simulates how reality can break someone's bubble.

The last chance

Raúl Olivares López
Colegio Rubén Castro

It was a sunny morning. The birds had sung, like every morning, a beautiful song. But she didn't hear them. Although there were almost twenty birds singing, she did not hear them, nor she liked to anyway. It was one of those mornings when the world seems to be ok, but something inside of you tells you that there's something wrong. She was feeling it. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. She could not fight anymore against the sun rays that were coming in through her window. So, she dressed herself up and started to eat. Like always. She lived alone, for she was twenty-four and her parents had died many years before. Besides she had no brother or any kind of relative in the big city. . It was Sunday, a sunny morning of Sunday in the big city, of course it didn't mean anything to her. She had been empty since the day men tore down the last tree on earth. That day she left her home to never return. The birds kept singing outside her house. She hated birds, because those so called birds were, actually, anything but birds. Those "birds" were pieces of metal brought to life by the wretched desire of men and the help of science. Having thought about the birds brought a memory to her head. She recalled a dream she had had many years ago. It was a blurred memory, but even so, she could recall the image of a bull, the image of another world, and the image of a sword, a bloody sword. She decided not to think about it again, for it was a hurtful memory. Later, after she had ended her breakfast, she stared herself in a mirror. She was beautiful. Her red hair and her green eyes were just amazing. They gave her face a wild look. Her skin was soft and white and her lips were red. Her body was so full of life, although her soul was empty. She cut her cheek with a knife as she whispered: "I'm not beautiful". Then she stared herself again in the mirror. Even with the cut on her face, she was still beautiful. She decided not to keep cutting herself, because it would be strange, and, besides, she decided that was time to take a walk. As

she walked she looked at her surroundings, which were so full of buildings and smog, that she couldn't see the sky, which was no longer blue. She felt angry. She wanted to scream to the people which were walking on the street how much she hated them, she wanted to see their expression while she was doing it, she wanted to see their faces crying and praying to an non-existent God. Even if there was a God, she thought, him or she wouldn't be on the side of humans. But she didn't do it; she remained silent as she walked down the street. As I said before, there are days that seem to be ok, but they are not. You don't know how much she wanted to die that day, for she was tired of an empty life in an empty world. She thought on what she had dreamt many years ago, on the bull, and on the sword. The sword was the most interesting object to her. The sword was like humanity, an object which was created to protect something, but ended up destroying everything. And then she recalled all the things that men had done to the earth, how they chased and killed every animal on the planet and how they destroyed the entire balance of the world. The seas had risen, the winter had grown longer, and the air had become a pure toxin. As she recalled this she wanted to throw up, but she didn't. She kept walking. She stopped suddenly as she saw a couple of young lovers on a bench. "How can they love each other if they can't even love the world they live in?" she thought. Love was difficult for her, although she had fallen in love long time ago, she couldn't understand the whole meaning of the word. She kept walking until she got to a bridge. It was a huge bridge. She saw the water below it. She felt attracted to the water, as if it was calling her. She recalled she used to love being at the river bank when she was a girl; actually, she used to love the whole nature, the mountains, the seas, and the forests. But it was all lost. She thought in throwing herself down from the bridge, but she knew it was going to be a waste of time. She kept walking. Then a great shock woke her up from her lethargy. She saw a lot of people screaming and pointing at the sky. She looked up the sky and saw a bird she had never saw before. It was huge, her feathers looked like a rainbow. The bird descended until it landed right in front of her. The bird stared at her eyes trying to say something. She could

feel the bird breathing. It was alive, it was really alive. Something inside her woke up after many years of disuse. People were still screaming and running, all scared by the "thing" which had descended from the sky. Some shouted about the end of the world, others about extraterrestrial beings. She was amazed; having a real bird just in front of her was a hopeful experience. "There is still hope" she thought as she stroked the huge bird. Police sirens started to be heard. She knew the police would kill the bird, but something inside her, the same thing which had been sleep so many years, told her to be calm. The police reached the place where the bird was. They got off from their vehicles and pointing guns at her and the bird, they shouted: "Please stay away from that thing!". She knew something. It had come to an end. "I refuse! You're not gonna kill him; you've caused too much pain and damage. You stay away from him" she shouted back. "If you do not stay away from that, we will shoot you" they answered. Suddenly she felt it. and no one would stop it. The end. She closed her eyes as she said "Try me! I dare you to!" then it was all pain. The bullets pierced her body as she fell to the ground. The bird flew back to the sky and stopped right on the centre of the city. The bird started to sing, it was a beautiful tune. "At least I've saved someone... it sings beautifully" she thought as she smiled, then, her heart stopped beating. The bird sang louder. The city started to crumble down by the bird's tune. The people were crying and praying to their non-existent God. From the centre of the city, right below the bird, a tree started to grow. It grew and grew until it was as big as the biggest building of the city. It was the pillar of the world...

Raúl Olivares López

12th Grade

Colegio Rubén Castro de Valparaíso

Review: I like to write because it is a good way to explore the possible worlds within your mind and because it is a fun thing to do.

Atonishing creation

Karina Miranda Estrada
Colegio Adventista de Concepción

What determines the existence? I'm lying here, immobile, solitary. Nobody can see me, but here I am ... I'm sure about it. In a weak and fragile way, but here I am.

I have my eyes opened and my nose is dry, it must be because I do not breathe, my heart is not beating, but that doesn't mean I do not exist, because I have meaning in the place where I am. Any mind could refute what I'm saying, I have no life and live, but I know that for one person I'm alive. Me and my soul. In this thought I'm dipped today, my body lies in what appears to be a cradle of mud, I dedicate myself to look carefully around me and after a while of this action, I feel a huge admiration for what my eyes witness.

The scenery immersed in green hurts my view, I feel my eyes getting wet with the indescribable beauty of these fields and to the bright crystal caudal. Four streams decorate the immensity and beauty of these lands, four rivers wrapped in green grass, grass in which other beings touched their snouts, apparently picking, and then make them disappear in their mouths. How much admiration I feel for them because they seem so happy moving everywhere! How would i like to follow them and soak in their joy! I'd give anything to run to its rhythm and pervade of these creatures vitality.

I am very confused because I do not know what I'm doing here, I do not know who brought me here, who created me, but more than that, I am intrigued to know who was responsible for this magnificent universe. Nothing exists by chance, not for me at least. If I could go out and find the answers I need, but no one is here and my body prohibits any action my mind asks loudly.

What does make the sun shines? What gives that beautiful color to the flowers and gives that celestial smell to these

fruits hanging from trees? No one can answer me now, but when I can get up, I will go out and discover each one of the wonders that this site offers me.

Out of nowhere the sky seems to darken, rather someone is coming. I am confused because I can't describe him, but he has touched the soles of my feet and made me feel stronger. I felt a tingling in my legs and something inside me tells me that soon I will fulfill my dreams of running, jumping and discovering the world. Slowly the tingling is going across my body and by the craving, I decided to look around and get the last view of the world from the point I was.

After contemplating the magnificence of this paradise that leaves me astonished in every look, the one who rubbed my feet, this superior and beautiful being came to me and for the first time I feel confident, calm in the hands of someone, I felt he was a part of me, or rather ... I was a part of him, his creation.

Tenderly, he took my head and put his mouth close to my dry nose to let out a slight breeze that hit my (until that moment) immobile body. After the small and refreshing burst of air, I could see it very clear ... my life had not begun until his arrival.

I inhaled and inside my lungs flowed the purest and freshest air that I could ever inhale, I really doubt that I can feel it again. With a strange facility, I stood up and after a few steps; I stood in front of my creator and gratefully I smiled to him.

Now I can safely say that I am alive.

Karina Daniela Miranda Estrada

12th Grade

Colegio Adventista de Concepción

Review: I enjoy a lot of storytelling and writing is one of the most sincere ways to express our feelings or thoughts. I've loved writing since I was a little girl, my grandmother used to read me and tell me stories. She is no longer with me and I believe this is a way of honoring her memory.

Lethal Anesthesia

Génesis López González
Colegio Amanecer de Coronel

Being a teenager with good health is fine, but for me, suddenly everything changed. My name is Alejandra and this is my story. I was sitting, reading as I used to. Suddenly, a terrible pain started to rise from my right leg to my stomach. It was a painful feeling that I can't explain neither know the reason. Weak and without strength, I tried to go down the stairs, where each step seemed to be eternal in the agony of my pain. It was that pain, that made me screamed almost unconsciously to my mom - 'Help me', I told her. She ran immediately from the kitchen and held me while I was falling down from the last step. She took me to the hospital, to the emergency room. Up there, nobody knew what my problem was, they examined me and each doctor had a different diagnosis.. I never imagined or even thought about my own death, never, until that day. It was very depressing to see the doctors trying to discover what my problem was. Suddenly, the doctors agreed: appendicitis. It sounded more an excuse than a serious doctor's diagnosis. It was late, their shifts were going to end, and they wanted to leave the hospital soon. They took me to the operating room. The panic rose when I saw a lot of machines and lights around me. There were many metallic devices that reminded me the times of inquisition in their 'purification' moments. There was a man coming towards me with a white suit. He put a mask on my face and with a soft voice he told me 'Count to ten', and I counted 'one, two, three, four, five, six...' that is the last thing that I remember.... Now I am awake and I am in a sort of shelter-fortress, but my clothes are not the same. I am wearing boots and I have a skirt and an old shirt. Also, I am wearing a thick belt, and next to my hips I have two big guns and a harness in my back with two sheathed swords. There is nobody in the room, I try to get up, but my head hurts a lot. I feel something cold and wet, too thick to be water or sweat. It's blood, cold blood; I have been bleeding for such a long time that it coagulated. Suddenly, somebody

gets in. A man walks towards me; He speaks to me as if he knows me. Andrea? Are you fine? Andrea? But my name is Alejandra. "You are wrong, my name is Alejandra" He laughed and told me ironically: 'Apparently you hit your head . He cleaned my head very carefully and put a patch on the wound. I asked him 'Where am I? What is going on? He looked at me in a strange way. Don't you remember anything? Not even my name? 'I can't imagine how strong you hit your head, but I will help you to remember' 'let's start from us, my name is Alejandro and I am your boyfriend. He noticed the change of expression in my face and corrected his words. 'It's a joke, it's a joke' 'Well, let's go to the tragic part: Some scientists started to investigate the cure against cancer and they thought they had it, but they didn't. Nevertheless, the sales of the drug had records of profits for the pharmacological company, but the drug established a symbiotic relationship with the flu virus, that does not have a cure". I feel a little strange telling you this; you lived all this process like I did. The virus makes people sleep for ever, so if they do not eat or drink they die at the end. But in the animals is worse, when they are in contact with the mutated virus, they changed into horrible and violent creatures. I couldn't imagine anything that he said, 'What do I have to do with this? I asked him. He told me 'Don't you remember anything? Do you? I answered 'Of course I don't' I didn't have any idea of what he was talking about. That was not the place where I was anesthetized for the surgery. 'Some human beings are immune to the virus, like us. This virus spreads in the air and we must rescue the humans who are exposed to it, and take them to the Phoenix's Ark in quarantine. Everything was very strange How can I be immune to a lethal virus if less than five minutes ago I was in a hospital room to be operated because of an appendicitis? Suddenly a transmitter rang and a digitalized voice said: 'Proxy Brigade. Humans in danger in the intersection of London Avenue with the subway. I repeat humans in danger [...]' What could I do? If I didn't know how to fight, or how to handle a gun. Immediately, Alejandro helped me to get up and told me: 'It's time to go, hurry up; the brigade is waiting for you outside' I got up and went out. The city was completely isolated, without humans.

It was too sad to see the devastation. Suddenly, one of my men shouted: "Captain, enemy at 4 point" when I turned around I saw a strange creature over me, something like an animal, a rat that now wants to devour me. Instinctively, my hands moved fast, and took the swords from my back. In a few seconds, the rat that wanted me like its dinner was cut in two on the floor. My co workers asked me if I was fine. 'Stop talking, let's do what we came for, to rescue and save the ones that are still alive'. 'Okay, captain, let's go for the survivors'. When I was on the road I realized how hard the situation was. There were no people, the only human that were around the city were blue corpses spread on the streets. Suddenly, we listened to the screams that came from a car. When we got there, we realised they were the people we were looking for, but the car was surrounded by creatures. They weren't dogs, but only God knew what they were. we fought until they fell apart. We rescued the family from the car and a group from my brigade took them to a safe place, the Phoenix base. I felt a terrible hit in my back. The hit was so hard that one of my swords was broken into pieces. . Sword and gun in my hand, I looked at it, it was a mutation of a tiger, the stripes of its blooded fur and those huge claws... Stood on his back legs, the creature leaped on me, its claws were towards my neck, but I stopped them with my guns. It was strong, just one of its claws was stronger than my whole body I supposed that I couldn't defeat it directly, so I stayed away as soon as I could. It was hard; it was big and strong, but very fast. I picked up the pieces of my broken sword and I threw them to it. But its fur was so thick that they bounced. Just a solid, precise and fast hit could kill it. I wanted to destroy its defense. I shot at one of its back feet, but I just touched him. I shot at his paws, and I got close to him. One of its claws was going towards me, but weaker, the pain made him slower. Suddenly, he got down his claw violently hurting my abdomen from one point to the other. I saw my own blood, mixed with the tiger's on the floor. Far away I heard the voice of Alejandro.... I was going to die, I felt like if I was dreaming because I lost a lot of blood, my abdomen hurt so much "this hurts a lot" I said at the end. 'Of course it does', my mother said next to my couch. 'It was not appendicitis, it was peritonitis'.

Génesis Camila López González

12th Grade

Colegio Amanecer de Coronel

Review: I like writing because I like to pass boundaries and imagine unreal worlds in our society, and that makes love for writing is born inside me. In order to express people my feelings and thoughts.

Acheron, the other eden

Isidora Sepúlveda Jarufe
Colegio Hispanochileno El Pilar de Curicó

We all know the story of the Eden, the beautiful perfect garden of God, where human beings were supposed to live, until Adan and Eva were kicked out for eating the forbidden apple, but, what if I told you that that was not the most beautiful place on Earth?.

About a thousand years ago, near Greece, and right next to the island of Atlantis, there was a beautiful Wood called Acheron. It was the most perfect place you could ever think of. The rivers were crystal clear, the trees were huge and filled with life, and the fruits were the most exquisite you could find. Acheron was surrounded by inactive volcano, with a lot of coloured flowers growing on its slope. The place was even better than Eden, and it had a big difference: no human knew of its existence, so no one had ever put a foot on this perfect land.

The Wood was inhabited by animals and plants, all living in harmony and peace, it was all perfect, until one day, a greedy hunter lost his way home and found Acheron. The moment he saw the Wood, he started to think how to hunt and take home the animals to sell them downtown, planning different strategies, but while he was walking and prowling around the place, he saw the purest animal of them all, a white goose whose feathers seemed to sparkle iridescent sheen. The hunter tried to shoot the animal, ignoring that it was the responsible of keeping the balance in that perfect little wood. He missed the first shot and scared the goose, who ran and hid behind a bush. -"Damn it!"-, said the hunter, -"Next time I won't fail, I will be more careful, and that beautiful goose will be mine"-, so he waited for the goose to come out of the bush and followed it all the way to the river, and when the animal was going back to its "home", the hunter shot it. At first, he felt very happy, but then he

saw a lot of little geese coming out of a little cave, crying for the goose, that happened to be their mother. On that moment, the hunter realised what he had done, and felt sadder than ever. -"Oh no, I just killed this little geese's mother!"- he exclaimed, and he shed a few tears, -"I wish I could go back in time and bring their mother back..., I can't believe I just destroyed such a beautiful family"-, said the hunter, now crying, but it was too late. When the hunter's tears touched the ground, the volcano around the wood activated, and threw lots of magma, covering the entire place. As soon as the wood was covered in magma, the island right next to it, Atlantis, fearing the same future than Acheron, submerged itself to the bottom of the Aegean Sea, depriving the humanity of all their knowledge and wisdom, disappearing from our maps, and becoming just a legend. Now, you would think that is a very sad that such beautiful places have disappeared for us, but the truth is that they haven't.

From the rests of the dead mama goose, a beautiful tree with white leaves started to grow, and from the hunter's tears, a river started to flow, near the tree's roots. The tree is called by many people Goshimboku, that means "the one that connects two worlds", and it's resting at the entrance of the cave covered by magma Acheron, waiting for someone with a pure heart to find it and to eat its fruit, because, legend says, that if a pure hearted human tastes the exquisite flavour of the Goshimboku's fruit, the magma might disappear, and the wood would come back to life, making the return of Atlantis, the lost Empire, so, who knows?, it could be you, or me, or anyone!, we could bring this place back to our lands and learn from them, stop wars and famines, and finally live in peace with everyone. Now it's in your hands to find the Goshimboku and make a better world for us, so now, I encourage you to take your schoolbag and enough food to make a large trip, and find the precious Goshimboku, all you have to do is believe. The end.

Isidora Belén Sepúlveda Jarufe

12th Grade

Colegio Hispanochileno El Pilar de Curicó.

Review: What motivates me to write: When I read, I discover new worlds, I learn and I feel, it's a magical feeling, being able to feel what the character feels, to feel a part of the story that motivates me to write. When I write, I have the capacity of creating new worlds, to escape from reality and enter to a world where anything can happen, a world that can be whatever I want it to be. It's a way to dream and let it out all the bad things that happen every day; it makes me feel much better, for one moment I can forget and just be the real me.

Life, brotherhood and happiness

Consuelo Stark Vargas
Liceo Osorno College

"We humans are used to wanting everybody to help us, but when it comes to helping others, we immediately move aside".

There are lots of moments in your life that make you reflect and change your point of view over something, and there are also others that teach you things you would never understand, not even with books or internet, just by living them in real life.

I've always wanted to escape from my home, it was actually my dream, and so immediately when I turned 18, I traveled to the 'land of the rising sun', about 6 months ago. I didn't have a specific reason to come to Japan; I just liked the culture so much, so I had already learnt Japanese in my country, before coming. My life is quite good here. I work as a cashier in a bakery and I have enough money to pay my whims once in a while. Women are really nice here, but I'm not interested in getting a girlfriend yet. Maybe later.

I've always said everything happens for a reason, but this time, it was one of those few big coincidences of life.

I met this guy, Ichiro Okohama. He started working in the shop as a waiter and he usually received looks of disapproval from people. People were right, he didn't have the usual look of a waiter, because he had at least seven piercings on his face, two or three visible tattoos, and his hair was kind of messy all the time, but he did a good job and he did have a really good memory, so I thought everything was ok. The clients kept insisting that I ask my boss to fire him but I didn't because, I was there to get paid not to be a messenger and, I didn't have the slightest interest to help those hypocrites, who are led just by appearance.

Also, that guy was working well, and as far as I knew, no one complained about his manners or attitude, just about the way he looked.

This guy was just 2 years younger so we became friends really fast. We had a lot of fun together, and since both of us didn't have any other friends to talk with, we became really close. Although he always looked happy and had a smile on his face, I knew there were some secrets that he didn't want to tell me. I could feel that something was causing pain inside of him, but he was afraid to tell me.

After a few months, he began to decline. He wasn't as happy as before and he looked tired and cheerless. I started to worry about him so I decided to talk to him seriously and ask him what the hell was happening. He kept avoiding my questions and trying to change the topic. After some time, he decided to talk.

While he was talking, I realized the reasons of his lack of energy these passed months. Those were the worst memories someone can have, and noticeable, they had piled up till this moment he cannot handle anymore.

He described all those unpleasant experiences that had made his life so far. There were many, even though he was only 16. He had suffered from all kinds of abuses, he was encouraged to use drugs, but what struck me the most was that he had suffered from bulimia. He told me his mother lived all her life disqualifying him for not getting good academic results as the other normal Japanese guys. The pressure consumed him entirely and he fell into a deep depression to the point of cutting, drilling and tattooed many parts of his body, not mentioning the countless times he had attempted suicide.

At the middle of his speech, his voice began to sound strange, and he stopped talking. I understood his pain. Silently I cuddle him and felt his tears falling down through my neck. At that moment I felt a special affection, a kind of love that I'd never felt before, brotherly love.

After some time of silence, he started to talk about his dreams. He told me he wanted to marry with a girl like Im Yoona, a Korean model and singer. She was perfection in his eyes and he talked about her like talking about the most wonderful and beautiful person in the world. She was one of those goddesses that make you lose your sanity with their feminine essence, those that just by looking at them; your heart starts beating as if it's going to explode. He hoped someday to find a woman like her.

He confessed me he'd never loved anyone. Having suffered such many disappointments makes you just stop trusting people. Yeah, that's true.

As the time went by, Ichiro started to get ill, and his bulimia was on the most critical point. The drugs in his body also started to damage him a lot, so I decided to took him to my home and take care of him. His mother didn't even try to find out where his son was, which really kept me thinking about how ungrateful I was with my own mother. I probably would call her soon.

I wondered why life puts people in your way, whom don't let you keep walking, because you have an obligation with them. But when you finally start loving them, they're snatch away from you, like a toy, making you feel terrible. But, after a while, I realized these people are not there for making you happy, they are there because they need you to make them happy. And for a moment, a smile outlined on my face because I realized that one of my biggest life purpose was done, and yes, it was helping a lost brother from the other side of the world, a friend that needed someone to share his feelings with for the last time. Now it was time for him to leave and I had to accept it.

Ichiro-kun: wherever the hell you are, you have the right to know I did my best for you and I do not regret anything. You will always be my brother, my best friend, you know why? , because a real friend has the confidence to tell you everything, like you did to me. Thank you so much for teaching me the true meaning of life; that we must enjoy

it, , be thankful and careful with it. Be strong, I promise
sometime we'll meet again. Rest in peace my friend.
-David

Consuelo Isabel Stark Vargas

10th Grade

Liceo Osorno College de Osorno

*Review: I like to write because in that way I can express myself,
and also create perfect worlds. For me, fiction often becomes
more beautiful than reality.*

*What motivated me to write this story was to represent how a
friendship can be possible no matter who you are or where you
come from and also to take the opportunity to participate.*

Aina, the princess of chocolate

Rayén Ravanal Bello
Colegio Aurora de Chile de Chiguayante

In old Africa lived one little princess, her name was Aina, she was the most beautiful girl in her kingdom. Aina was only 5 years old and during her short life she had seen fantastic things with her friend Abiona. She liked to dance around the fire, she liked to play with giants elephants and walk barefoot in the river, but what she liked most was to breathe the scent of her beloved Africa. Aina was a happy princess but in her heart she knew that something would happen, sometimes Aina and Abiona had heard strange explosions in the jungle as they played and they ran towards the palace. One day, Aina told his Grandfather.

Grandpa?

Yes Aina

What are those sounds into the jungle?

What sounds Aina?

The little explosions grandpa. The little explosions in the jungle. can you hearthem Grandpa?

In that moment, Aina's grandfather told her a story.

Look Aina, Long time ago, in this land lived a very bad king, his skin was white as snow and he hated every person that was different from him, so one day the king killed many people. In that moment, many angels changed him into a chocolate person, like you and me.

But Grandpa,I do not understand.

Aina, the sounds you hear is the moment he became a chocolate king. You hear those sounds because this man was my father.

You father? Really? grandpa.

Yes my father was a bad man, but in that moment not only changed his skin it also changed his soul. The soul of my father changed forever, as a chocolate: hot and sweet.

What about the explosions then? Is that the change?

Yes my girl, the change, someone is in trouble and you are the only one that can help.

Aina was playing alone in the jungle and she heard little explosions again. She remembered what her grandfather had told her and ran into the jungle. In the jungle Aina saw a strange man, his eyes were blue, and his hair was blond, in this moment she said:

Who are you?

I come to end the world that is full of misery and poverty.

Why?

Because this world is full of people with souls of stone, I came to turn the souls into chocolate. can you help me?
Do I have to?

You are the princess Aina right? All you have to do is hear, smell, create, nurture, enjoy, be silent, shout, jump, dance, run, live and love. This way you will be helping me!

Sir, I will do it, but, why me?

Because your soul is chocolate, like your grandfather's. The only ones in the world. Okay my time in the jungle is over, nice to meet you Aina and remember chocolate souls.

Bye I will do what you asked me to! Thanks.

And the strange man disappeared in the mist. In this moment Aina was alone in the jungle, happy as ever in her short life.

As time passed, Aina grew up as a woman, a fantastic woman, she heard, smelt, built, enjoyed, was silent, jumped, danced, ran, lived and loved. She was born as Princess Aina but died as the princess of chocolate.

Rayén Ravanal Bello

Colegio Aurora de Chile de Chiguayante

9th Grade

Review: about the possibility of changing the world with simple actions. Thanks...

I know we can be amazing

Macarena Pirazzolli Pinochet
La Maisonnette

How is it possible that he always find the perfect words to say? He says so many beautiful things that my heart stops and I freeze. I freeze in a magic place where nothing else matters. That place is where my complicated life seems just so simple and there's nothing but his smile, his beautiful and joyful smile, the one which blows me away, the one that I love.

I would love to walk forever by his side, being his, being mine. Feeling his arms around me so that whenever I think I will die or will stop breathing I could think of him. Whenever I feel I'm so tired that my heart will just stop beating or I'm lost and don't know how to keep walking forward, I just think of him. Whenever I'm drowning he rescues me. Whenever something inside of me dies, his smile cures me. And I smile.

I speak of what I feel and what I know because being original and coming up with amazing stories is not easy for me.

Someone said to me once "live your life as if today is the last day" and I thought I would panic every day. So I decided to live my life as I know I would enjoy it.

"You are born, you live, you love, you breath until the day you are supposed to leave comes. Then you die, but not your soul. And if you lived, loved and breathed, that soul would be inside everyone who surrounded you. So you never die." It isn't easy, I won't lie. There are days that I pray for some change, for something to explode and make me go somewhere else. I'm always thinking of going away. But sometimes I find that little detail, that small glint of happiness which makes me keep going, keep breathing. It can be anything. It is your smile. It is having a quiet

meal with my family. It is helping my mother or hugging my father.

It can be anything, just look for the sparkle in life. The sparkle that we all have is hidden somewhere, just look for it.

Some people need to hide it and they seem depressed or confused, lost in time with no escape. But I assure you that when they are ready to sleep, they still remember where they left it and they embrace it even if they cannot have it because they don't know what path to take to get it back.

Stop looking for perfection, perfection doesn't exist.

I'm just in search of better days, days of change. But they stay the same, day after day same as it was yesterday.

I haven't lost hope. Have you?

Okay by now you think that I'm super optimist and live a wonderful lie.

I'm not that. I struggle every day to get out of bed and smile, to forget that sour taste that fills me, that pain that stabs me every day and burns me inside. It isn't easy to witness how someone that you love dies a little bit more every day. It isn't easy to watch how he crumbles and there's nothing you can do to help him.

I don't know everyone's problems. I think or imagine that they have an amazing weight on their backs. But I think we are capable of keep going with them.

Macarena Pirazzolli Pinochet

12th Grade

Colegio La Maisonnette de Vitacura

Review: My name is Macarena Pirazzoli. I'm eighteen years old and I come from a big traditional family. I wrote this tale thinking of my father who is sick. He has had cancer for the last years and as time has passed I've grown up and become more aware of what is important for me and my family in life.

I hope you like it.

The charming tree

María Natalia Rojas Araya
Colegio Hispanochileno El Pilar de Curicó

Once upon a time a bad witch called Nix used to live away from the kingdom, in the forest's heart, in an old and ugly house.

Nobody was brave enough to go to that place in the kingdom, so she felt really bored and lonely.

One day, she got tired of being lonely and wanted to have some fun, so she charmed a huge millenary tree beside her house. Her plan was: if she tells that the tree was charmed and could make wishes come true, she would bring people close and have some company.

She walked to the kingdom to show her plan. Everybody was downtown, buying different things, but when they realized that the witch was walking there, everybody stopped what they were doing and got frightened.

There's a magical tree in the forest! – She screamed – It can make all your wishes come true! ¡Gold, health, power, anything you want! ¡You only have to look for the biggest tree and make your wish!

Then, she disappeared, leaving everyone shocked.

But, it isn't that simple. There was a test. Nix was really vain; she thought that she wasn't like everybody else. In fact, she wasn't, she could make magic, but that didn't make her a better person. She was also really mean. She thought that only someone with a pure heart and with enough dignity could pass the test. If they didn't comply these requirements, they would be swallowed by the tree's roots.

The time passed by and hundreds of people went there to

make their wishes, but until there, nobody had a pure heart. people who went there to make selfishly their own wishes, was swallowed by the tree's roots.

She waited and waited, but nobody could pass the test.

One day, a little poor boy walked to the forest, with the hope that the Charming Tree could make his wish come true. His father was dead and his mother was really sick, so she couldn't work, that's why he was poor. He walked into the heart of the forest until he found it.

Oh! – He exclaimed in a sigh, covering his mouth– This is the Charming tree! – He was amazed, the tree was huge and had hundreds of very long branches. – I wish that my mother gets better..

The Charming tree started to shake as in an earthquake and lighted up Finally! – Nix screamed going out of her hidden house. – Come little boy, make me some company. You seem really thin, why don't you come in with me to my house and eat something?.

Don't trust her... – A multiple and desperate voice came from the deepest place of the tree. It sounded as hundreds of voices talking together. – Cut the tree... Cut the tree...

Don't listen to them! – The witch yelled with anger – Come with me, little boy, make me some company.

The boy ran into the witch's house and took a hatchet. He came back next to the tree and cut it.

The tree's branches started to fall while the boy was cutting it. When the branches touched the grass, they became people. All the people that naively believed what Nix said, was returning to be themselves again.

Nix was really mad, she ran to the little boy to attack him, but when she was getting close to him, the rests of the tree fell over her and killed her.

Everyone was celebrating; they would never be bothered by the bad witch again.

The only one that was unhappy was the little boy. Even though he cut the tree and broke the curse, he was still poor, and it was obvious for him that the tree didn't make his wish come true... to cure his mother.

Suddenly, his mother appeared. She was running to her son, happy and healthy.

I'm not sick anymore! – His mother said and hugged him. They were both crying of happiness. Her mother was free of her sickness, now, she could work.

The reason why the tree made the little boy's wishes come true was because he had a pure heart. He didn't ask anything for him, he asked for his mother's health. He had enough dignity to be listened by the tree.

María Natalia Rojas Araya

9th Grade

Colegio Hispanochileno El Pilar de Curicó

Review: The reason I write it is because I love literature. I really like reading, writers like J. K. Rowling, Isabel Allende, Cecelia Ahern, etc, learning new things in the diverse realities of the books. The books take me to a world where everything is possible, even if not all the endings are happy, it is a unique experience. I always want to read more and more, but sadly I do not have enough time to read all the books I would like to.

My little brother

Jorge Mellado Péndola
Centro Educacional Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
de Collipulli

Today I want to be with my little brother who I love very much. But, who doesn't love his brothers? No matter whether they are young or old, everybody loves his brothers. I have my preferences with him because he is the baby in the house. My little brother's name is Andrew, but everyone calls him Andy in the house.

Andy has already learnt how to walk and when he does it, he looks like a little duck walking all over the house. He understands almost everything and I am always teaching him different things. My explanations might be a little bit difficult to be understood in some occasions. That might be the reason why he sometimes gets into troubles.

- Look Andy!, the big carpet in the living room is not a carpet, it is a desert island. And the little table in the center is a shelter for you and me.

When looking through the balcony, I teach him to say goodbye to everyone.

- Hey Andy, we are going in an airplane, and we are flying...
- Goodbye, goodbye people who are walking down the streets.

- The chairs, Andy, are big high mountains, and we have to climb them. Don't tell anybody, but we accidentally made a hole in the big couch of Daddy's offices.

I also tell him that the man, who is in a painting on the walls of the living-room and who is wearing military clothes, goes for a walk along the hallways every night when we are all sleeping. I don't know if he understands, but he is certainly afraid of that man now, and he cries a lot every time he sees him.

At night, when the nanny puts Andy to sleep into his little bed, I entertain him till he falls asleep.

- Andy, look at the fairies!

And I make figures with my hands as if there were many fairies flying all over his little bed.

- They are flying over your bed... they are flying over your feet... and over your little stomach... They are over your face now!

OH! What screams was he yelling a night! They couldn't calm him down, and Dad said that I had scared him. Of course, I scared him but, without me, Andy would be always bored. The nanny is always telling him boring stories. "How does the train sound? Shoo, Shoo. And the chicken? Cock Cock". After that, she takes Andy's hands and she starts singing:

"Ten little fingers,
Ten tiny toes,
The sweetest of smiles
And a cute little nose"

All of this was so ugly and boring, that Andy was becoming a so boring baby as the days were passing by. But, that was so till I decided to teach him all the small beautiful things of the house, explaining him that they are not what they are supposed be, but something completely different.

THE END.

Jorge Ignacio Mellado Péndola.

10th Grade

Centro Educacional Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart de Collipulli

Review: I was moved to write this story because it would be a new experience of life. Though I had many ideas for writing I made up my mind to write about a brother because I have always wanted to have a little brother.

Short story – happiness

María de los Ángeles Wollner Fernández
Saint Dominic School de Viña del Mar

Who is she? – asked Niara, pointing at a woman that walked through the crowd. I don't know – answered Patrice – Let 's get something for lunch.

It was yet another sunny and hot day in Hadar, Ethiopia. Sophie walked under the bright sun making her way through the crowd towards the small tent that worked as an improvised hospital. Finally she was there, to help the most needed ones. As soon as she talked to the doctor in charge, she started working. It had been a long trip from Chile, but a worthy one, as she was anxious to start working. When Sophie arrived at the hotel after a whole day of hard work, she was devastated; the Pictures of those poor kids were stalking her, and wouldn't leave her alone. She called her mom to tell her she was doing well and went to sleep. People were so nice to her, little children were so gratefull when she gave them some soup, their smiles lightened up just with a little company.

One day, Sophie met a girl called Niara; she was very pretty, she had curly brown hair, a beautiful smile and was not older than six years old. Niara had a brother, Patrice, they were both orphans. Soon enough, Sophie found out that their mother had died while giving birth to Niara, and their father, a French man, had left them to go back to his country.

Why are you here? – asked Sophie

Niara had malaria last month – said Patrice – She's still in recovery period. And you, why did you come here? Why did you leave your country?

Because I wanted to help people. It made me sad... no, more than sad, to know that people where dying across the ocean – answered Sophie – That's why I studied medicine. In that moment, Niara called her brother. He had been through so

many things in his short life that he was more mature and intelligent than an average eight-year-old boy.

As months went on, Sophie got used to the poverty of the place, but everyday there was a new story, a different person at the improvised hospital. Every day she spent at least one hour talking to Patrice and Niara, and she was impressed by how happy they could be, just with each other's company. Sophie grew attached to both of them; they were special in the midst of that enormous mass of people.

Everyday Sophie talked to her mother, she needed to see her, to hug her, but she didn't want to leave Niara and Patrice.

Six months had been since she left home. Her decision was taken; she would go back to Chile, but not alone. Sophie wanted to take Niara and Patrice with her.

As they walked through the airport, she could notice that Patrice was nervous, but Niara was ill at ease.

There she was, Sophie ran to hug her mother, after that, she turned around, and introduced the children to her mom. These are Niara and Patrice's mom, they will be living with me – Said Sophie.

Well, welcome both of you! – said Sophie's mom.

Niara and Patrice smiled at each other. Everything was ok.

*María de los Ángeles Wollner Fernández
12th Grade*

Saint Dominic School de Viña del Mar

Review: After years of effort, Sophie gets to do what she loved. This leads to an unexpected event that will change her life. Our English teacher told my class to participate in this writing competition. Once I started writing, I got a great idea, related with what I want to do in my future, being a doctor.

The adventure of cat burlón

Margarita Fernández Román
Colegio Nuestra Señora de la Misericordia de Valparaíso

Once upon a time, just some time ago (in an island situated in the middle of the Pacific Ocean) used to live a little blue cat named Burlón.

The cat Burlón was a cat different from the rest of the felines. Yes, he meowed, he ate fishes, climb up trees and scratched at them, but he also could talk, think and build things with its legs. He also ate fruits and vegetables, but the most impressive fact about this cat, is that he was really smart, much more than any human being on this planet.

As Burlón had been always so smart, he was always asking himself different kinds of questions, such as "Why do the day and night exist?" or "Why do plants and trees grow up?" But the main question was "Why am I alone in this island?" He found the answers of all of the questions, but he couldn't find it for this one.

Though he really looked for the answer, he couldn't find it. After so much thinking, he got to an answer that took him to another question. He was alone in this island, but maybe not in the world. What if there were more things out of this island? And if they existed, he wanted to see them, but first he needed to find a way to get out of the island.

Right away, he started to think what he could build something to get out of there. He took a few tree trunks and some big leaves and he built a small plane with an engine and wheels in which there was only a spot for him.

Well, Let's try it! – He said.

He turned on the engine and it moved, but it couldn't fly, and Burlón decided to build something else.

He took some thin trunks, tree leaves and a few vines to build a small machine that could transport him to other places just by going through it.

With his work already done, he proved it, but once more, it didn't work-

I don't have electricity – he said – I'm going to try something else.

The way he tried with the plane and the transporter, he tried with a lot of other things, but nothing worked. After six months of a lot of work, he gave up.

There's nothing that can help me to get out of this place. – he said – I'm going to stay here forever and alone.
Don't say that – said a little voice coming from the water – You haven't tried everything yet.

Burlón looked in to the water and saw a small fish that had spoke to him.

Little friend of mine, I think I did try everything.

Think it well – the fish said – You've tried to get out through air, for ground, but, have you tried the sea? – Burlón thought about it and the fish was right.

You're right little friend! I'll start right now to build – This words said, he stand on his four legs and started looking for different kind of materials to build his new master piece.

After a few days of hard work, his machine was ready to be used. It was a sailboat (with engine) in which there was space for three or four animals. He filled the boat with food and coconuts with water. He fixed the last details and started the trip.

After of a few months of traveling, to the distance, he saw a small piece of land, that, with the passing time, became into a real big piece of land.

When he arrived, he tied the boat with vines to a big rock,

fixed a little bag with food and water and started to walk.

The cat Burlón couldn't believe what he was watching. It was a huge place and there were a lot of things that he didn't know; there were other animals (some really big and others not so much, there were also some really small, smaller than his clans), there were big structures everywhere he looked at. They began in the floor and ended up in the sky. On his way, he ran to a small animal, gray, with small eyes and a long and raked tale. The animal looked at the cat with fear in its eyes.

Please, don't eat me – he said.

Eating you? Why would I do that? – Asked Burlón.

Because you're a cat, and cats eat mice like me.

Yes, I am cat, but I don't eat mice, only fish and vegetables. Really? You don't eat mice? – Asked the mouse.

No! I didn't even know that they existed – Said Burlón – But tell me, What's your name?

Agustín is my name, sir. And yours is?

Burlón to help you. –

Nice to meet you, Burlón. – Said the mouse – Burlón, would you tell me about you?

And the cat told the mouse everything about his life in The Lonely Island. And the mouse ended fascinated with everything the cat was telling him, he was with a huge smile until a big dog appeared in front of them, the mouse thought it was going to eat them, but he didn't.

Excuse me – the dog said – I was walking and I couldn't help hear you talk, and I am really fascinated with everything I heard, and I was wondering, can I go to that place?

Yes!!! And I want to go too! – Said Agustín – Please!!! Well... is just that I wanted to stay here a little bit longer, to

meet new places.

If I were you, I would stay at your home and never come back here. I don't know how can you not miss your island?

So Burlón started to think. The mouse was right. He did miss his house. The clean air, the trees all over the place and the silence that let him think so quietly.

You're right! – Burlón said – Let's go right now to my home! By the way, What's your name? – He asked to the dog. My name is Cannibal and I'm a dog.

Nice to meet you Cannibal. Let's go friends!

The three friends went walking to the beach to get on board of the boat to go to The Lonely Island.

After of a few months of traveling, they finally arrived to the island.

Well, fellows! This is My Home! – Burlón said to his friends when they got off the boat – Welcome!

And from then on they lived happily ever after on that Island, and Burlón never felt alone again.-

The End!

Moral: You may want so badly to go out and meet other places and stay there, but you'll never find a place like Home.

Margarita Javiera Fernández Román

11th Grade

Colegio Nuestra Señora de la Misericordia de Valparaíso

Review: I like to write because it's a way to expand my imagination, it's a way to tell the world how I feel or to let them imagine everything that's in my mind and that is unbelievably great and (sometimes) new.

The adventures of pike

Franco Aguilera Echeverría
Los Conquistadores School de Cerrillos

There was a mouse named Pike. It was small and had a long tail. it liked to think about things other mice did not use to think. Its cared for mice that lived in the underground tunnel station. One day, Pike stopped itself to wonder if that was the life he wanted to live: every day the same routine in the darkness of the underground tunnel.

Jogo Gosu was Pike 's best friend. They met while they were stealing food. Gosu helped Pike to climb up the guard 's desk for stealing his lunch. After that episode both of them became best friends.

One day, while both of them were travelling in the subway, Pike thought about the idea of leaving the underground tunnel forever. He just imagined all the great things he could see in the surface. It thought mice did not have to spend the rest of their lives condemned to stay there forever. He wanted to go out and live a great adventure.

Pike told Jogo Gosu about its plans and after such a great declaration, it was speechless, breathless and could not stop thinking about death. Even though it was not so convinced, it followed its friend in its adventure.

When they tried to leave the station, they found complicated to walk through so many people; thousands of human legs crossed them, thousands of shoes, people screaming and a never ending stair to climb.

Once they were outside it took them two hours to get used to the sunlight, and their first thought was to eat. Suddenly, in front of them there was a huge building with a fast food restaurant inside. They were delighted by the smell. They arrived at that place and came into the kitchen. The problem was that the cook discovered them and hit them with a

broom. Fortunately, despite they were very frightened, both of them ran and ran until they reached the street without having eaten.

Pike was sad because its adventure was not being as he wanted, but Gosu did not give up and continued running on the streets.

While they were walking on the streets, they met a group of mice near a dustbin. As they got closer, they felt comfortable as the street mice were very nice to them. Pike and Gose were offered food and lodging but Gosu and Pike just wanted to get food because the adventure was just beginning. When time to leave came, they thanked to the group of mice for the food as they were really starving.

As they advanced, they were terribly scared as a hungry dog was looking at them. They tried to escape and ran to the subway. In that moment, they had just two options: run down the tunnel to return to their home and live like everyone else or run to another place to find another life style and new experiences.

Pike without thinking too much decided to follow the path of adventure and ran like never before. Gosu also did not stay behind and reached an abandoned the house where they managed to hide from the big dog.

Pike and Gosu looked at their surroundings and as time passed, they asked to themselves where was the happiness they thought would find in their adventure. As they spent a lot of time together, they noticed that the emotion of living amazing adventures did not fill their hearts. Some things were missing and nothing was there, outside the subway.

So, early morning, they decided to get back home. They knew that maybe life in the underground tunnel was not the funniest but in spite of this they knew that there someone was waiting for them to give them love and affection. Nothing could be more important that their families, not even the promise of a unforgettable adventure. The most important

were their relatives and friends who were supporting them in spite of all their ideas, dreams, rebellions, sadness and adventures.

Franco Aguilera Echeverría

12th Grade

Colegio Los Conquistadores de Cerrillos

Review: My main motivation to write this short story is to demonstrate that the simplest and beautiful of life is our love for our beloved friends and relatives. My idea is to prove that a life of adventures is nothing without the people that support you. People who really love you will be with you in good and bad moments.